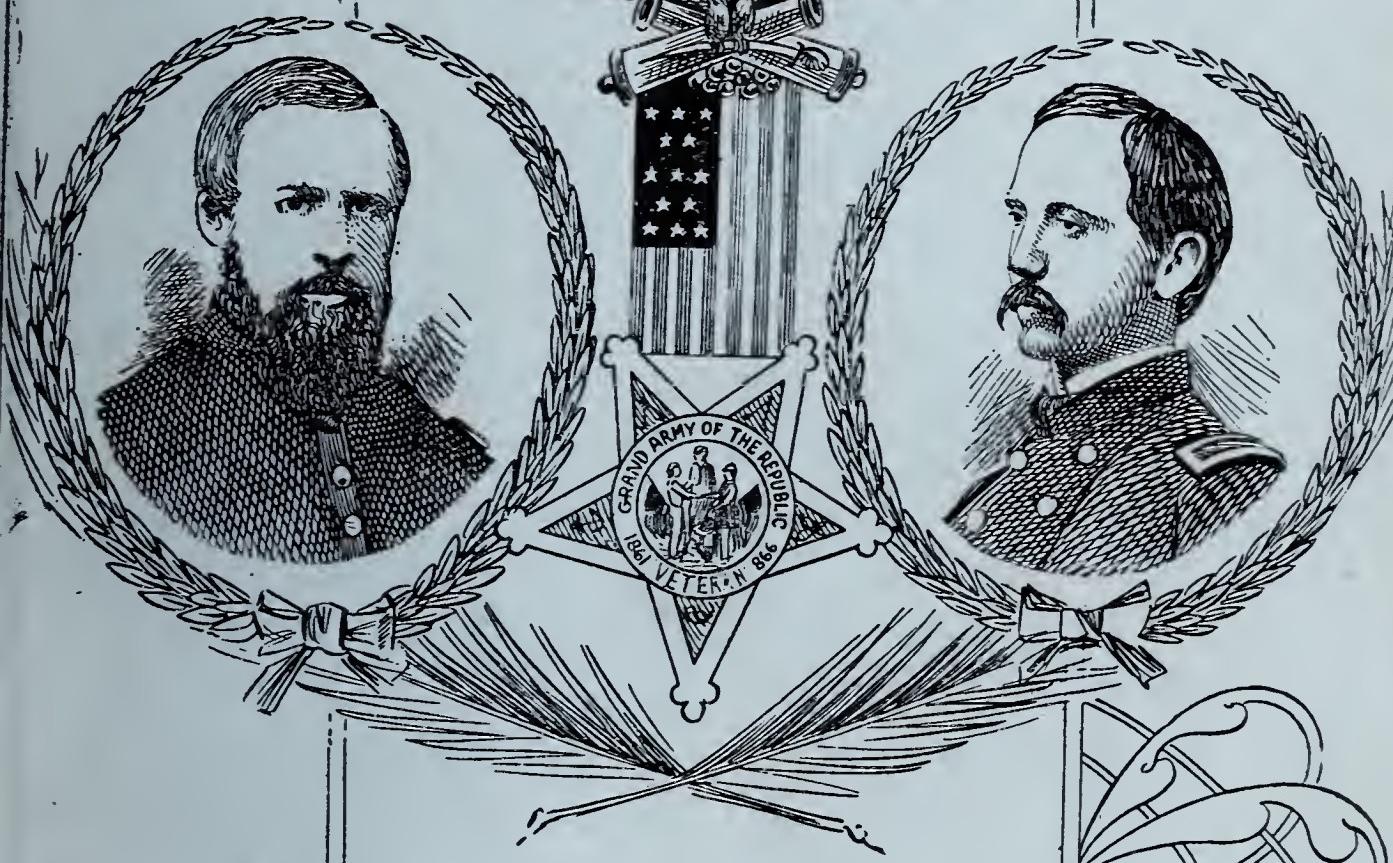
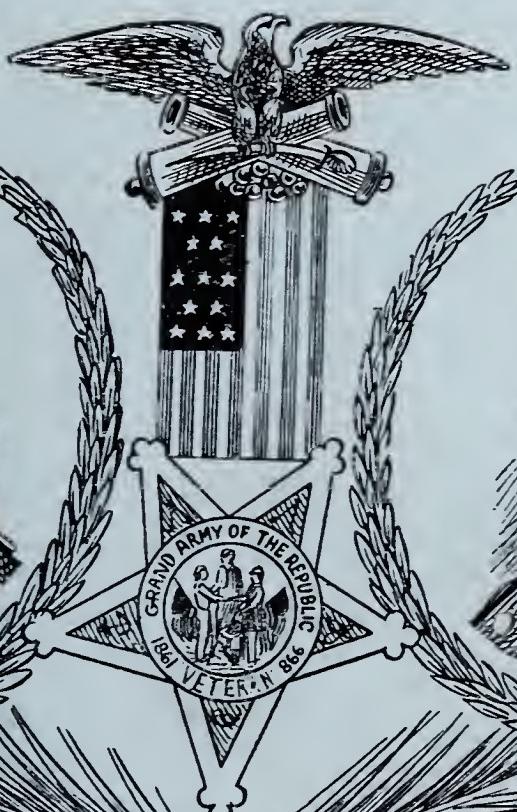


15

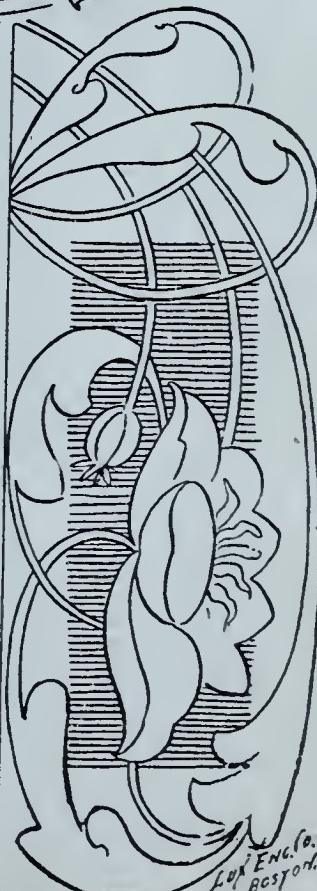
SERVICES OF MEMORIAL DAY

IN
CANTON
AND
SHARON
MAY 30
1898



DEPARTMENT
OF
MASSACHUSETTS
G.A.R.

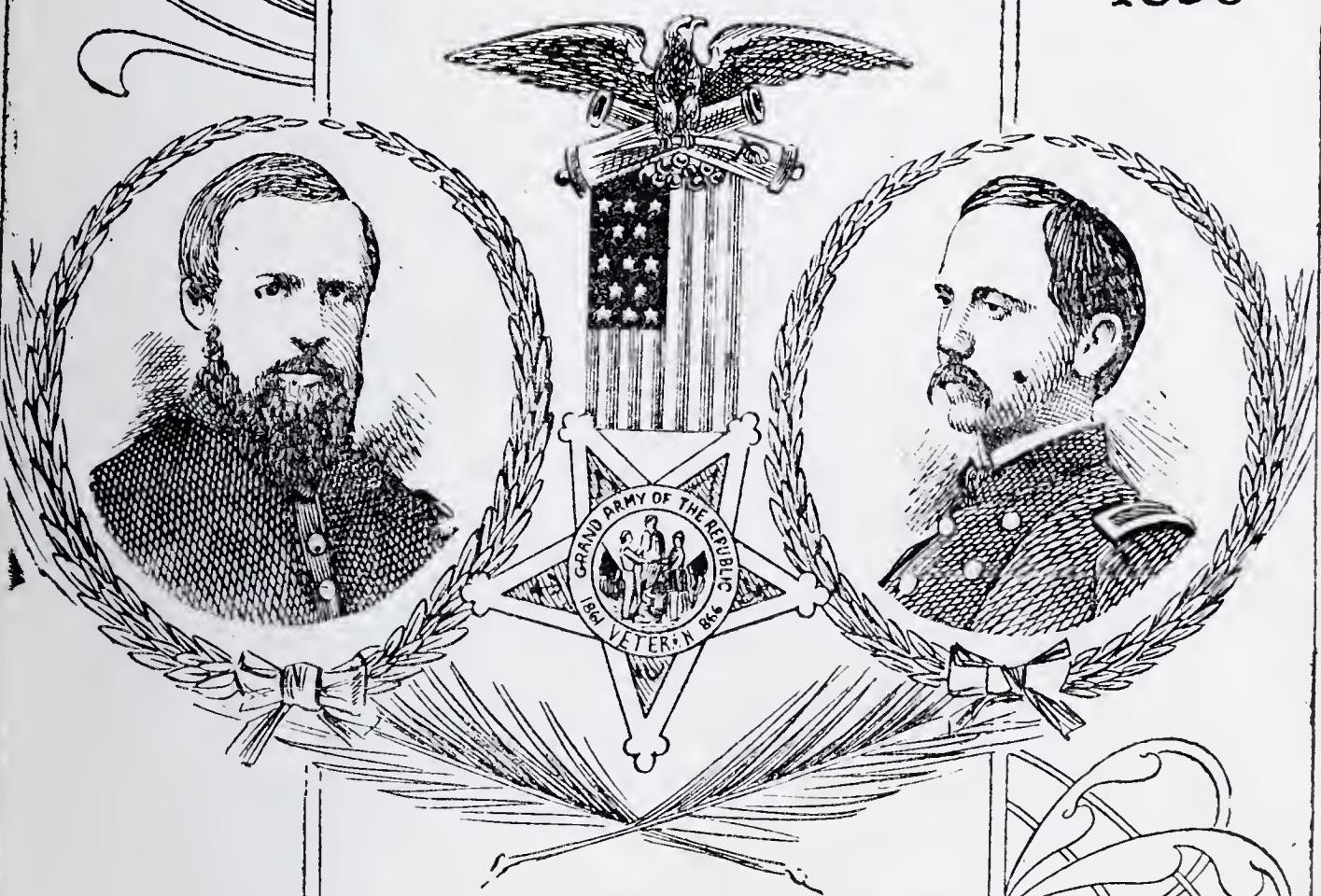
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
REVERE POST
No 94
CANTON,
MASS.





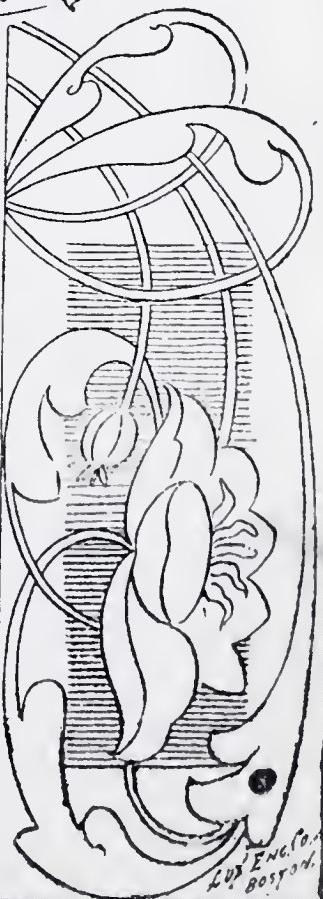
SERVICES OF MEMORIAL DAY

IN
CANTON
AND
SHARON
MAY 30
1898



UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
REVERE POST
No 94
CANTON,
MASS.

DEPARTMENT
OF
MASSACHUSETTS
G.A.R.



LUDWIG CO.
BOSTON

1775

TO THE MEMORY OF THE
PATRIOTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

FROM THE

FIRST PRECINCT OF STOUGHTON,

NOW CANTON.

CAPT. WILLIAM PATRICK

WAS MASSACRED BY INDIANS AT COBLESKILL, N.Y.

MAY 30, 1778.

1897

Lux Ent. Boston

MEMORIAL.

Erected in the Canton Cemetery to the Patriots of the American Revolution from Canton, by the joint effort of Revere Post No. 94, Dept. of Mass. G. A. R., and the Canton Historical Society.

Capt. William Patrick.

Captain Patrick was a tailor. On Nov. 16th, 1768, he married Deborah Smith, of Dedham. The year following he came to Canton and in 1770 purchased land from Joseph Estey. On the 25th of July he raised his house. The original name was Kilpatrick and in the list of the minute-men who marched in Capt. Asahel Smith's company at the alarm, April 19th, 1775, from Stoughton, we find as one of the sergeants, William Kilpatrick. We have his autograph signed in 1777 as William Patrick. Of his career in the army we know but little. He was at one time captured by the enemy and carried to Canada, and in due time exchanged. On May 12th, 1777, he was at home in Stoughton (now Canton) and undoubtedly at this time raised his company, which was afterwards attached to the regiment of Col. Ichabod Alden, in the Continental Army. On Oct. 17th, 1777, he was present at the surrender of Burgoyne's army.

It would appear that during the latter part of May, 1778, the regiment of Col. Alden was stationed at Cobleskill, about fifty-nine miles southwest from Albany, N. Y. On the 30th of that month, a large band of Tories and Indians, under the leadership of Thayendanegea, commonly known as Joseph Brant and Barent Frey, who had made themselves for some time past the terror of that region, inflicting no small damage by the destruction of life and property, secreted themselves in an isolated spot and await-

ed the approach of Captain Patrick, who had been detached from Col. Alden's regiment, with a handful of men to pursue them. While the troops of Patrick were resting, their arms stacked, the Indians suddenly attacked them and cut them to pieces. Captain Patrick fell early in the engagement. His lieutenant, a corporal and nineteen men were also killed. The command then devolved upon a sergeant, who fought bravely, as all had done. The bodies of Patrick and his lieutenant were shockingly mutilated. He was buried, writes Lieutenant McKendry, on June 3d, with military honors.

HUNTOON'S CANTON HISTORY.

A CARD.

To the People of Canton and Sharon:—

Again by the kindly aid of its auxiliary organizations and friends both in Canton and Sharon Revere Post No. 94, Dept. of Mass. G. A. R. has been able to carry out the 28th observance of Memorial Day in a fitting and appropriate manner and we wish to extend to each and all our most earnest and sincere thanks for the services and assistance thus rendered.

In behalf of the Post,

LARRA E. WENTWORTH, Commander.

CANTON, 1898,

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN SHARON.

In accordance with General Orders from the Post Commander the Canton members assembled at 7.30 A. M. at their Headquarters and at 8 A. M. with the Sons of Veterans as escort, and accompanied by the Canton Brass Band, proceeded in barges to Chestnut Tree Cemetery in Sharon, where the annual decoration of the graves was again observed. On arriving at the out-post in Sharon village the Post from here carried out the usual program as laid out by the Sharon members. Graves were decorated at Rock Ridge Cemetery. At the Town Hall a fine oration was listened to by Rev. A. J. Dyer, of Sharon, excellent singing by a chorus, and after partaking in the lower hall of a very elaborate collation, prepared by the ladies of Sharon, the Post at about 12.30 P. M. returned to their remaining duties of the day at Canton.



GRAVES DECORATED IN SHARON.

DEBORAH SAMPSON,	Revolution
JOSEPH MORSE,	"
SAMUEL H. GILBERT,	War of 1812
<i>Died in service and buried elsewhere, War of 1861.</i>					
*D. WARREN BRIGHT,	4th Mass. Infantry
A. ALONZO CAPEN,	.	.	.	33d	" "
JOHN M. DAVIS,	.	.	.	33d	" "
SERGT. J. MURRAY DRAKE,	.	.	.	33d	" "
G. HERBERT GAY,	.	.	.	33d	" "
GEORGE M. GERRISH,	.	.	.	33d	" "
JAMES T. HARRADEN,	.	.	.	33d	" "
NORMAN HARDY,	.	.	.	4th	.. Cavalry
HENRY HEWINS,	.	.	.	2d	.. Infantry
ADDISON H. JOHNSON,	.	.	.	33d	" ..
JEROME B. SNOW,	.	.	.	4th	" ..
<i>Died subsequently.</i>					
HARRY BOHNSACK,	U. S. Navy
SETH BOYDEN,	4th Mass. Infantry
WILLIAM H. COBB,	.	.	.	42d	" "
GEORGE S. COOK,	.	.	.	7th	" "
SILAS DAVENPORT,	.	.	.	14th	" Battery
RICHARD DOTY.	.	.	.	Frigate Cumberland	
ALBERT D. FAIRBANKS,	.	.	.	23d Mass. Infantry	

JAMES H. GLOVER,	.	.	.	33d Mass. Infantry
E. G. HARWOOD,	.	.	.	42d " "
A. JACKSON McKAY,	.	.	.	50th " "
WILLIAM R. MIDDLETON,	.	.	.	29th " "
ESROM MORSE,	.	.	.	U. S. Navy
JACOB MORSE,	.	.	.	12th Mass. Infantry
STILLMAN H. MORSE,	.	.	.	4th " "
JOHN B. PARKS,	.	.	.	33d " "
HENRY PEACH,	.	.	.	23d " "
HENRY PETTEE,	.	.	.	29th " "
ALBERT E. SMITH,	.	.	.	8th " Battery
GEORGE WELD,	.	.	.	12th " Infantry

*For a number of years erroneously credited to 11th Mass. Battery.

MEMORIAL DAY IN CANTON.

Friday, May 27th, preceding Memorial Day, in the afternoon, several comrades of the Post in uniform visited the Public Schools and listened to the patriotic exercises by the pupils and closed the services by appropriate remarks. Sunday preceding May 29th the Post on an invitation from its Chaplain, Comrade Butler, the pastor of the Baptist church, did attend Divine service, and were accompanied by Fletcher Webster Camp No. 47, S. of V., and the Woman's Relief Corps No. 100, of Canton. Owing to illness, Comrade Butler, to the regret of the Post, was unable to be present and the pastor of the Baptist church, of Uxbridge, Mass., occupied the pulpit, and the sermon was very appropriate and instructive, and highly appreciated by all present.

On Memorial Day at 1.30 the Post assembled at their Headquarters for services of the afternoon. Previous to the departure for Memorial Hall from Headquarter's staff, a beautiful flag was unfurled to the breeze 12x22 feet, a gift to the Post from the ladies of the Corps. The Quartermaster complimented the ladies. The Band played "The Star Spangled Banner," cheers were given for Old Glory and the Corps. Then the Post, under escort of the S. of V. and led by the Band, marched to Memorial Hall. At the Catholic church the procession was joined by the boys of the Parochial School. At the Hall the following program was carried out under the direction of the Commander:—

I. SINGING,	- - - - -	HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS
II. READING OF ORDERS FROM DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS AND LINCOLN'S AD- DRESS AT GETTYSBURG,	- - - - -	
III. PRAYER,	- - - - -	REV. L. M. CLEMENT
IV. SINGING,	- - - - -	HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS
V. ORATION,	- - MR. GEORGE W. PENNIMAN, OF FALL RIVER, MASS.	
VI. SINGING,	- - - - -	HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS
VII. BENEDICTION,	- - - - -	REV. HENRY F. JENKS

The line was re-formed and a company of boys carrying flags to decorate the graves of the Revolutionary Veterans, under charge of Past Commander John T. Pitman, here formed and joined the procession and marched to Canton Cemetery. Prayer was offered by Rev. George Walker, assisted by the Sons of Veterans. The Post decorated the graves of departed comrades. At St. Mary's Cemetery, where prayers were read by Father Bodfish, the graves of Veterans were decorated, the boys of the Parochial School assisting. Returning to the Hall the usual excellent supper was served by members of Relief Corps No. 100.

NAMES OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

Whose Graves were Decorated in Canton Cemetery.

Died in the service, War of 1861.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,	20th Mass. Infantry
*SERGT. CHARLES E. BOOTMAN,	.	.	.	4th	" " "
*SERGT. ROBERT BLACKBURN, JR.,	.	.	.	20th	" " "
WILLIAM E. BREWSTER,	.	.	.	4th	" " "
*WALTER DAVENPORT,	.	.	.	35th	" " "
*JOHN GEDDIS,	.	.	.	4th	" " "
*WALTER S. GLOVER,	.	.	.	22d	" " "
*ANDREW L. HILL,	.	.	.	18th	" " "
*GEORGE W. KERR,	.	.	.	20th	" " "
CHARLES C. KNAGGS,	.	.	.	4th	" " "
*JOHN M. POOLER,	.	.	.	1st	" Battery

Died subsequent to service.

FREDERIC O. BULLOCK,	.	.	.	13th Wisconsin Infantry	
GEORGE W. BAILEY,	.	.	.	18th Mass.	"
JOEL A. BULLARD,	.	.	.	2d Engineer U. S. N.	
JEREMIAH C. BRESLYN,	.	.	.	Gunboat Osceola	
ROBERT BAILEY,	.	.	.	13th Penn. Cavalry	
GEORGE W. CAPEN,	.	.	.	11th Mass. Battery	
DANIEL W. CROWD,	.	.	.	5th " Cavalry	
REUBEN CONNOR,	.	.	.	2d Mass. Heavy Artillery	
DANIEL W CARROLL,	.	.	.	4th Mass. Infantry	
WM. CARPENTER,	.	.	.	U. S. Navy	
JAMES H. CRAM,	.	.	.	29th Mass. Infantry	
EDWARD S. CHAMPNEY,	.	.	.	4th " "	"
CORP. HENRY A. FREEMAN,	.	.	.	4th " "	"
GEORGE O. FULLER,	.	.	.	Maine	"
EDWARD F. HALL,	.	.	.	7th Mass.	"
FREDERIC B. HOWARD,	.	.	.	4th " "	"
SERGT. EDWARD R. HIXON,	.	.	.	33d " "	"
ALEXANDER R. HOLMES, M. D.,	3d Mass. Inf. and Surg.	U. S. N.			
GEORGE B. HUNT,	.	.	.	35th Mass. Infantry	
MAJ. CHARLES D. JORDAN,	.	.	.	U. S. Army	

CALEB M. JENKINS,	.	.	.	38th Mass. Infantry
GEORGE LEWIS,	.	.	.	12th " "
DAVID McPHERSON,	.	.	.	Drum Major 24th " "
CAPT. JOHN HALL,	.	.	.	4th " "
WALLACE McKENDRY,	.	.	.	22d " "
LIEUT. WM. McKENDRY,	.	.	.	U. S. Rev. Marine
LIEUT. HENRY U. MORSE,	.	.	.	4th Mass. Infantry
THOMAS M. MULLEN,	.	.	.	29th " "
SAMUEL W. MESERVE,	.	.	.	4th " "
HANDEL M. PROCTOR,	.	.	.	1st Mass. Band Leader
ORIGEN O. PREBLE,	.	.	.	4th Mass. Infantry
GEORGE HENRY PICKERING,	.	.	.	
CHARLES ROBINSON,	.	.	.	U. S. Navy
EDWARD ROBBINS,	.	.	.	" "
DAVID F. SHERMAN,	.	.	.	Band, 4th Mass. Infantry
JAMES S. SHANKLIN,	.	.	.	4th and 20th " "
ZEBA THAYER,	.	.	.	18th Mass. and 2d Artillery
JESSE K. WEBSTER,	.	.	.	5th Mass. Infantry
FREDERICK WEST,	.	.	.	27th " "
CAPT. NELSON S. WHITE,	.	.	.	U. S. Col. Troops
HARDIN WITT,	.	.	.	21st and 56th Mass. Infantry
LUCIAN WILLIAMS,	.	.	.	

*Buried elsewhere.

NOTE.—Comrades buried elsewhere, especially at the South and having relatives buried here, have been remembered many years by decorations on the family lots. This applies to both cemeteries. The family lot of Elisha Morton Jr.'s ancestors has for many years been decorated in his remembrance, but he is buried elsewhere and his grave is now there decorated.

NAMES OF
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
WHOSE

Graves were Decorated in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Died in the Service, War 1861.

THOMAS CURRAN,	42d Mass. Infantry
*JOHN DENNINGHAM,	4th and 19th " "
*JOHN McGINLEY,	16th " "
*JOHN O'BRIEN,	4th and 58th " "
OWEN SHAUGHNESSEY,	4th " "
*STEPHEN H. SMITH,	4th " "
† *ASAHEL WHITE,	4th " "

Died subsequent to service.

JEREMIAH CROWLEY,	4th " "
MARTIN CARY,	7th Maine "
†STEPHEN CLARY,	3d R. I. Heavy Artillery
DAVID DENNINGHAM,	U. S. Navy
MARK DENNINGHAM,	
PATRICK FLOOD,	23d Mass. Infantry
EDWARD FOX,	19th " "
MICHAEL FARRELL,	10th " Battery
WILLIAM HEATH,	22d " Infantry
DANIEL HANLAN,	2d Mass. Infantry and U. S. Navy
DENNIS HANLAN,	U. S. Navy
JOHN HOWE,	4th Mass. and 11th U. S. Infantry
JEREMIAH LEHAN,	28th Mass. Infantry
JOHN McCREADY,	U. S. Navy
THOMAS MADDEN,	2d Mass. Cavalry
GEORGE W. McGINTY,	29th Maine Vet. Vols.
TIMOTHY O'FLAHERTY,	4th Mass. Infantry
JOHN REARDON,	1st Mass. Heavy Artillery
WILLIAM G. WHITE,	48th Mass. Infantry
PATRICK J. FITZGERALD,	59th " "

PATRICK DUNN,
TIMOTHY BRENNON,
DANIEL KANE,
EDWARD KENDRICK,
MICHAEL KENDRICK,
JOHN O'NEILL,
REYNOLDS,

} Branch of service unknown. Remains
probably brought from other places.
Information wanted.

*Buried elsewhere.

†Erroneously formerly credited to the Navy.

‡Probably Light Battery.

List of Names of
REVOLUTIONARY HEROES,
 Whose Graves are Found in Canton Cemetery, and
 Were Decorated.

LIEUT. JOHN BILLINGS, JONATHAN BILLINGS, JOSEPH BILLINGS. LIEUT. WILLIAM BILLINGS, DANIEL BILLINGS, STEPHEN BILLINGS, JACOB BILLINGS, LIEUT. ISRAEL BAILEY, LEMUEL BAILEY, HENRY BAILEY, JOSEPH BELCHER, JOSEPH BEMIS, ADAM BLACKMAN. BENJAMIN BUSSEY, SEMOUR BURR. SAMUEL CAPEN, MAJOR PETER CRANE, CAPT. ABNER CRANE, NATHAN CRANE, LUTHER CRANE, ELIJAH CRANE, WILLIAM CRANE, CAPT. GEORGE CROSSMAN, JOSEPH CHANDLER, COL. THOMAS DOTY, LEMUEL DAVENPORT, JESSE DAVENPORT, *JESSE DOWNES, ELIJAH DUNBAR. CAPT. JAMES ENDICOTT, JAMES FADDEN, JONATHAN FARRINGTON, ELIJAH FENNO, EZEKIEL FISHER,	DEA. NATHANIEL FRENCH, LEMUEL FISHER, LEMUEL FRENCH, COL. BENJAMIN GILL, MAJ. GEN. RICHARD GRIDLEY. MICHAEL HENRY, WILLIAM HENRY, ZIBA HAYDEN, JOSEPH HARTWELL, CAPT. GEORGE JORDAN, JAMES HAWKES JEWIS. ARCHIBALD MCKENDRY, JOHN MCKENDRY, WILLIAM MCKENDRY, GEORGE MAY, SION MORSE, SAMUEL MORSE, *WILLIAM PATRICK, JOHN SHERMAN, JACOB SHEPARD, CAPT. ASAHEL SMITH, SETH STROBRIDGE. CAPT. SAMUEL TUCKER, CAPT. JOHN TUCKER, EZRA TILDEN, SAMUEL TOPLIFF, BENJAMIN TUCKER, JAMES TUCKER, NATHAHIEL WENTWORTH, WILLIAM WHEELER, COMFORT WHITING, OLIVER WENTWORTH, SETH WENTWORTH, BENJAMIN WENTWORTH, HENRY WITHINGTON.
---	--

*Buried elsewhere.

Ponkapoag Cemetery.

CAPT. WILLIAM BENT,	ABEL PUFFER,
GEORGE BLACKMAN,	JOSEPH PUFFER,
SAMUEL BLACKMAN.	SAMUEL SPAR,
LIEUT. JOHN PUFFER,	JOHN SPAR,
	ELIJAH SPUR.

ADDRESS OF GEORGE W. PENNIMAN. Canton, May 30, 1898.

Mr. Commander, Ladies and Gentlemen :—

Memorial days have been called “Love’s tide-marks that show how high the affections of the human heart can rise. In our religious life they speak for holier joy, purer gratitude and renewed devotion. In our domestic life they take the form of gifts, gentle caresses and tender reminiscences. In our national life they glow with patriotism, sparkle with the starred bunting, resound with song and oration and become inundated with a surf of rising emotion that leaves a high water line of flowers upon the beach of glad memories as it recedes ; and no matter how low the ebb may be between the recurring dates, because of the employment of the mind and heart in other directions, no sooner do these days return than all the inspired and inspiring associations of the past unite with all the intense aspirations of the present and reach a still higher point of devotion and duty.” The services in which we engage this afternoon, appeal to the loftiest sentiments, the tenderest emotions and the most sacred affections of the human heart. We come at the call of love and duty to offer the tribute of loyal hearts to the memory of our heroic dead ; to recall once again the story of the patriotism, the valor and the services of the Union soldier in the war of the rebellion and to gather

new inspiration for the duties of the future which the demands of American citizenship will impose upon us. We do not need urging to engage in the beautiful yet sacred ceremonies of this day. Too dear is the memory of the men we honor; too near to our hearts lie these impressive services to make the words of man needful for the enlisting of our sympathies or the quickening of our spirits.

To-day our hearts have been touched by the ennobling and uplifting scenes we have witnessed, when, with the lavish bounty of opening summer bringing to the delighted senses the beauty of fragrant blossoming, we have seen the ranks of the surviving veterans "closed" once again and these old soldiers have been engaged in paying the tribute of "love's devotion," to the memory of comrades and friends of the battlefield, the gun deck and the prison pen, they who have answered for the last time the roll call of earth, and have gone

"Where hunger and thirst are felt no more
Nor suns with scorching rays,
Where God is their sun: whose cheering beams
Diffuse Eternal day."

Over the known grave of every defender of the Union there waves to-day the flag for which he fought, and the air which stirs its folds is fragrant with the incense of floral tribute. These comrades have passed on. You will see them no more until you too shall pass

"At God's command
Through the shadowy gates
To reach the sunlight of the eternal hills."

but they will ever live in your memory, and their loyalty and patriotism will be recalled with sentiments of gratitude and love.

The decoration of the graves of the soldiers is a beautiful ceremonial. It is a sacred custom, when

"Our voices take a sober tone
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of brave hearts that nevermore shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet."

How thrillingly beautiful and touching the story of the first observance of this "Memorial of the flowers" and the peculiar nature of

the offerings then made. The ceremony is said to be older than the Grand Army of the Republic under whose auspices it is now conducted. We are told that in 1864 thousands of our "Boys in Blue," men who had worn the garb of honor on many a battle field, were sleeping in soldiers' graves all through the southern states. Those who could, would not, and those who would, could not visit them and do them honor. Amid the beauties of the vernal bloom, the women of the south went forth to strew flowers over the graves of their slain. Immediately, those whose dusky brows had been baptized with the sparkling dews of freedom, and knowing to whom they owed their deliverance from bondage; anxious to recognize their obligation to the vicarious sufferings, toil and death of those who slept in the unhonored graves, went forth in field and wood, and with a love and devotion as lofty as ever thrilled a human heart, gathered the wild flowers in all their beauty. Under the cover of a darkness only relieved by the twinkling stars, they stole softly and silently to the graves of our fallen heroes, and bedewing the slighted mounds with their tears, and breathing benedictions upon them, reverently and tenderly laid thereon their humble offerings,

"Floral apostles, that in dewey splendor,
Weep without woe—and blush without crime,"

paying the homage of the living to the dead, a custom which is now enshrined in the hearts of the great mass of the American people. The custom was one of quiet and local interest for several years until the time when John A. Logan, the matchless representative of the volunteer soldier of America, was commander of the National Department of the G. A. R., but recently formed. Early in the spring of 1868, he received a letter from an Ohio comrade, a German by birth, stating that it was the custom in Germany for the people to assemble in the spring time and scatter flowers upon the graves of the dead. His suggestion that the G. A. R. inaugurate such an observance in memory of the Union dead, was warmly endorsed by Gen. Logan, who issued an order in harmony therewith, selecting May 30 as the time,—choosing the spring time on account of its

poetic associations, and the month of May on account of the flowers to be obtained at that time. In response to this order, burial places in twenty-seven states were visited by these bearers of floral tributes, and the beautiful ceremony has hallowed the day ever since.

Jeffrey, in his great review of Madame de Stael, says that "time performs the same service to events that distance does to visible objects. It annihilates the small and renders those objects that are great, more distinct and conceivable." Judged by this standard, the two events that stand out on the page of American History, "with the true form and bearing of an Alpine height," are the Revolution and the Rebellion. The first "saved civil liberty in two hemispheres, saved England as well as America, and its magnificence shines through the world to-day as the beacon light of free popular government." The results of the second preserved an unbroken unity for the republic and gave added glory and power to American institutions. By your service to-day you commemorate both of these great events in American history, for you have visited your cities of the dead and have placed your floral tributes not alone on the graves of eighty-two of your comrades of the rebellion, but you have honored the memory of the seventy-five soldiers of the Revolution who sleep here in

"the low green tents whose curtains never outward swing."

It is, however, of the later struggle for freedom that we are to speak this afternoon. To me it seems that there is a nobility and a moral uplift in the services of this day, which enables us to stand on the highest levels of patriotism and love of country; and when we realize that throughout this broad land, wherever there is a post of that noble organization, the G. A. R., there will be a line of comrades formed to engage in the duty of laying the offering of flowers, "God's holy thoughts in bloom," upon the graves of departed heroes, an offering which evidences alike the comrade's fidelity to their memory and his own devotion to country, we feel that the people of this Republic are not ungrateful, and that the good as well as the evil which men do, lives after them for unnumbered years. Personally

the men whose memory you honor by the services of this day are unknown to me, even by name. It is quite enough for me to know that they were a part of that magnificent army of men who, on land and sea, from 1861 to 1865, fought the battles of the American Union for you and me,—fought for God, for home and for the best government on the face of the earth,—and that they have by their services, their sacrifices and their valor enabled us to enjoy more priceless privileges and a grander national life than has been vouchsafed any other people upon whom the sun of civilization shines to-day. Memorial Day affords us the opportunity to recall their heroic deeds, “with tears for the dead and with cheers for the living,” and it is also the time when we, the recipients of the blessings these men have conferred, may renew our pledge of loyalty and devotion to the country and the institutions for whose life and perpetuity they staked their all “on the perilous edge of battle.” Thirty-three years have been buried in the grave of time since the war for the Union was brought to a close and peace was proclaimed throughout the land. Fully one-half of our people know little of that mighty struggle save as its story has come to them from the lips of the survivors or is presented upon history’s pages. Many of us were “babes in arms,” when the signal gun was fired at Sumter, and there are fathers and mothers here this afternoon who were not born when Grant received the sword of Lee at Appomattox. Add to these the millions who have come to us from foreign shores during the past three decades and you have an innumerable host who need such a day and such an occasion as this to enable them to properly appreciate the privileges that are theirs, and what it has cost to secure them.

Three features of “the most memorable civil war in the annals of time” demand recognition as we come to this memorial service.

1. The magnificence of the response of American citizenship to the call of the President, in this period of our country’s need.

The uprising of the North to meet the peril of the hour when Abraham Lincoln, in April, 1861, called for men “to aid in suppressing the rebellion in the southern states,” is one of the most sublime

and inspiring spectacles. Our government was without a great standing army, but during the four years from the days of the deep shadows at Fort Sumter to the day of glorious sunlight at Appomattox, the North marshalled a force of 2,736,700 men in defence of the nation, and they participated in 2,261 contests covering the territory of 26 states, 9 territories and the District of Columbia. More than one-half of these engagements occurred in the states of Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee. When the call came it was for "MEN." History will ever record the fact that "men" responded. In that mental vision which photographs the past into life and light, you review the scenes of that memorable period. You can see the boys of '61 once again, you hear the rattle of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife, you see the stars and stripes floating from public and private buildings,

"Banners from balcony, banners from steeple,
Banners from house to house, draping the people.
Banners up-borne by all men, women and children,
Banners at all points, flashing, bewildering!"

you remember the war meetings, the raising of companies, the hurried farewells, the march through the towns to the station or boat, the departure for the scenes of carnage and of strife; and later the return of loved ones, many of them broken in body and mind, to become the living memorials of a mighty past. These memories crowd thick and fast upon you to-day. "Panoplied in the memories of Bunker Hill, and clad in the armor of a righteous cause," the response was like Rome marshalling her legions to conquer the world. Their tread shook the continent and their song filled the land, as they sent the answer back to Lincoln, "We are coming Father Abraham, 300,000 strong." They went from homes of peace, from the college, the university, the shop, the store, the pulpit, the bench, the bar, the forge, the furnace, the deep mines and the open fields, to decide the question as to whether the Republic was to endure or be a failure as the other Republics of the world had been.

They were men and heroes all, and during the years of the future so long as time shall endure, "the muse of history will dedicate her most brilliant and glowing pages to the story of their deeds."

It has frequently been charged that our citizen-soldiers went to the front on salary, that their patriotism wasn't much deeper than their pocket-books, and that they were paid for what they did. This kind of talk has been heard only since the close of the conflict. Perhaps it is well for those men that they did not make such charges against the soldiers during the progress of the war. The man who during the conflict would have been mean enough to have suggested that the Union soldier was serving his country for pay, that "the Boys in Blue" went out from pleasant homes and profitable business pursuits for pay, for the sake of the \$13, \$14, or \$15 which was promised them, would have been expelled from all decent society, and life in any loyal community would have been anything but a round of pleasure for him. Does he deserve better treatment in 1898 than he would have received when you boys were at the front? Talk about pay! Can you pay men for wounds which would linger for a life-time? Can you pay men to endure privations, disease and a living death for weeks, months and years, sacrificing homes of comfort and peace? Talk of paying the brave boys, whose life blood made forever sacred the plains of Shiloh? Pay for the men who thundered with Grant for many weary days at the gates of Vicksburg; who carried the stars and stripes with Hooker above the clouds on Lookout Mountain? Pay for the men who wrested victory from defeat at Antietam; who swept down the valley of the Shenandoah with Sheridan like an avalanche? Pay for the men who followed Sherman in his march of conquest from Atlanta to the sea? Pay for the brave sailors who, with hearts of iron in hulls of oak, breasted the storms at Hampton Roads, Mobile Bay and New Orleans? Pay for the 188,000 "Boys in Blue" confined in the Rebel prisons? Pay for these men? I say it reverently, when I declare that you might as well try to pay the apostle Paul for his services to Christianity, or the Master Himself for

dying on the cross that the world might look up to Him and live.

2. The heroism of the citizen soldier during the long and weary struggle. What nation ever had truer heroes than those who battled for the American Union from '61 to '65?

"Upon a nation's grateful heart
They're written down by memory's pen ;
And time shall never dare erase
The deeds of patriotic men."

By the heroism and sacrifices of the "Boys in Blue," a land was saved. If time permitted this afternoon we could recall stories of splendid heroism that would stir your most earnest enthusiasm. It is a matter of history that from 1492 to 1861 the number killed and wounded on American soil in all battles, skirmishes and combats added together hardly exceeded the casualties of some single battles of the rebellion. In 15 of the engagements of the war the loss of life was greater than that of the American army at the Battle of Bunker Hill. Read the list of the killed, wounded and missing in some of the great battles, if you would realize what was meant to the homes of America. Shiloh, 24,000 men; Stone River, 22,000; Chickamauga, 33,000; in Grant's peninsula campaign, 140,000; Sherman's campaign, 80,000. Twenty-six thousand Union soldiers died in Rebel prison pens.

If you want the story of true heroism get some of those old veterans to tell of their experiences and those of their comrades. Let them tell you of Donelson, of Antietam, of Vicksburg, of the bloody angle at Spottsylvania, or of Chancellorsville. Let some one tell you of the three days of struggle at Gettysburg, where the backbone of the rebellion was broken, after some of the most desperate fighting in the history of warfare. What a thrilling story is this decisive battle of the war. We can almost see now little Round Top and Seminary Ridge. We can almost see the Confederate forces as they charge up Cemetery Hill. As they march near the Union lines they are saluted by a blaze of fire. The iron hail of pitiless minie balls decimates their ranks, but they press on. Faster, thicker, more deadly come the destroying missiles. On they come,

but their valor is no match for the grim and earnest determination of the "Boys in Blue," our loyal soldiers who are determined to win or die. God's will triumphed, the boys in gray were driven back, the Union was preserved, and the cause of liberty was triumphant.

A fortification had been assailed by the rebel forces. The fire was so terrible, that the front of the fortifications was being rapidly demolished. Hundreds of defenders had fallen in an incredibly short time, until finally some of the leaders favored surrender. Just at that moment the flag-staff bearing the tattered standard fell. A brave boy, catching the whole situation at a glance and appealing to his comrades to rally, after seeing the loved colors fall, rushed to the ramparts, seized the flag and waved it aloft, at the same time starting to sing the national air of freedom. A wonderful picture, that of the fragile boy in the midst of a wilderness of blood and slaughter. The bullets fell around him like hail. A cloud of smoke enveloped his form. The passing breeze played with his raven locks, while in this hour of death his voice rose like the notes of the fabled Orpheus, in volumes of exquisite sweetness. Suddenly a bullet struck him. He fell, but rose again, his face as pale as the face of the dead, while from his forehead there issued a stream of blood. Once more he began to sing the last stanza of the song he loved so well, and swan-like, the last notes were the sweetest. He never finished. Another bullet struck him. He fell to rise no more; nay, let us believe he rose to fall no more. His great child-soul swept forth into the grander liberty of eternity. This is but one instance of the display of heroic qualities by the American soldier, and it could be multiplied by hundreds if we had the time this afternoon.

Early in the great conflict the stirring song of a loyal woman was an inspiration to the boys in the field, and as they went forth to do and dare, they recognized the justice of their cause and the righteousness of their endeavor. They believed, as men of intelligent convictions, that God was sustaining them, and that in His own time He would crown their efforts with triumph. Because of their

sublime* faith and trust they could sing with Julia Ward Howe :—

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

2. The results obtained by the services and sacrifices of the Union soldiers. We paid a great price. What did we gain? The story is told that at a Southern Chautauqua some time ago the speaker of the morning was a Confederate General. In his address he asked the question, "For what did the Confederate soldier die?" and he answered his own question by saying :—"1, for the right he had at heart; 2, for the heritage he received from his fathers; 3, for constitutional self-government; 4. for home. At the afternoon service the speaker was a veteran Union soldier from the North. Some one said to him, "Now's your chance to tell what the Union soldiers died for." He took the chance, and this is what he said : "They died to save the Union, and they did it; so that we have one country and not two, one flag and not two, and no man, North, South, East, or West, would now reverse that decision; 2, the Union soldiers are the only soldiers in history that have died in battle to make their enemies their equals; 3, they died that every American mother might own her own babe, that every American-born child, in a palace or in a cabin, might be free; 4, they died for the world, for our country is the beacon light of the world;" and he might have added that they died as you fought, that every man on the American continent might be a free man, making it possible for us to say of

our country what Curran said of the British Constitution:—"It matters not in what land a man may have been born, no matter in what disastrous battles his liberties may have been cloven down, or with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the first moment he sets his foot upon the sacred soil of this country, the altar and the God sink together in the dust. The soul walks abroad in its own majesty, the mind swells beyond the measure of the chains that enthrall him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible might of universal emancipation." This is what the men of '61 and the men of '65 did for us and for ours, and as to-day we cover the graves of the heroic dead with beautiful flowers and lift our hats to the survivors, we say of them all :—

"These were the men
Whose hardy sinews, stiffening into steel,
Grappling with the enemies of state,
Made this nation free ;
Laid sure the foundations of the Commonweal.
When we forget them, when we cease to feel
Their greatness and their glory, we are lost.
Silence the bells. Or ring a funeral peal.
We are no longer worth the blood we cost."

My friends, it is not enough for us to simply rehearse the story of the war and the brilliant achievements of our heroic men. That is only a part of the duty of this Memorial Day. We tenderly cherish the memory of the dead. It is ours, also, to honor the living. Not merely in words. As Lowell strikingly puts it :—

"Wut's words to them whose faith and truth
On war's red touchstone rang true metal,
Who ventured love, and life and youth for the great prize of death in battle ?
To him who, deadly hurt, again,
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tropin with fire the bolts of men
That rived the rebel line asunder?"

Something more than words for the old veteran to-day. The ranks are thinning fast ; there are many new graves to decorate to-day. Personally, Memorial Day means more to me than it ever has before, for within a few weeks the Union soldier from whom I derived the right to be called the son of a veteran has joined the

bivouac of his comrades who have gone before, and over his newly-made grave to-day I placed the tribute of my love and affectionate remembrance, and standing with uncovered head by that holy sepulchre, I pledged anew my devotion to the country whose flag he fought for and whose institutions he sought to sustain. The old soldiers are passing away. Who can better take up the work they shall leave behind than those,

"Clear through from sea to sea,
Who believe and understand the worth of being free?"

Among the duties we owe to the veteran is that of caring for those who need our help. They are not paupers. They are the saviours of our nation, and it will be a mark of disgrace for us if we allow a single man who donned the blue for us from '61 to '65 to spend his last days in an almshouse or as a pauper. It is the duty of the government to care for the boys in blue, for without their services in the years of our great need the American Republic in its strength and purity might have been a thing of the past. I am a believer in pensions for the veterans, and rather than allow a needy veteran to suffer for the necessities of life, I would advocate the appropriation of every dollar possible from the national or state or town treasury for his comfort and his need.

We must insist that the things for which he fought are made the realities of the future. The liberty of every man, woman and child on this continent, the support of the rights of the black man of the South as well as those of the white man in the North; respect for the stars and stripes, "Old Glory; and the hearty support of all the institutions that have made us rich and powerful and prosperous.

While we do honor to the men of the past, we must not forget that the present makes great demands upon us as citizens. For the first time in more than half a century, our country is engaged in a war with a foreign power, with a nation that was at one time the mistress of two worlds, a power that within the past 400 years, since the discovery of America, has won and lost more territory than

any modern nation, and as we meet to-day on an occasion that serves

"Forever to keep wide awake
Memories of deaths superb and courage crowned."

the air is once again disturbed by the booming of cannon—the call to battle, the marching to the front of the flower and chivalry of American youth—and we realize that there are other graves to decorate to-day than those of your comrades of the Civil War.

America did not force Spain into this war. War was not the desire of the American people. It was a necessity, forced upon us in the interests of an oppressed, down-trodden and starving people, who appealingly held out their hands to us and asked to be delivered from the thraldom of the Spanish yoke. You know the story of the events leading up to the present struggle. How America appealed to Spain to stop the barbarism in Cuba, for humanity's sake, but to no purpose ; how national appeal, national neutrality, national forbearance and national deliberation have been the order ; how our magnificent warship, the Maine, sent to Havana harbor on a friendly mission as a messenger of peace, was torn and rent by a terrible explosion, which sent 266 brave American sailor boys into eternity, and threw a pall of gloom and sorrow over our entire land ; how we read the story of the investigations of U. S. Senators and learned that 200,000 Cubans had been starved to death and 200,000 more reduced to famine and skeletons by the brutal policy of Spain. America continued to appeal to Spain, but to no purpose. The hour for action came, and when it did come God provided the man for the hour. There was one more demand. Spain was given a last opportunity to act. If the American flag means anything it means that it waves for the oppressed, the down-trodden everywhere, and Americans are not slow in declaring its meaning.

The old flag was unfurled and that splendid type of American citizen, William McKinley of Ohio, President of the United States, in the name of that flag ordered Spain to stop her barbarity or reckon with the greatest Republic on the face of this earth. The President

evidently believed, as we all believe, that "the Monroe doctrine and a human slaughter-house made by a foreigner at our front door, cannot both exist at one and the same time."

War was declared against Spain April 21, and the new struggle for freedom is now in progress. We did not seek it, but American citizenship will not shrink from it. A million men are ready to don the blue, the wealth of the nation is at the call of the government, 125,000 troops are at the front, a powerful navy is on the seas. It is a battle not for aggression, not for selfishness, not for the sake of conquest, but for humanity, for the ushering-in of the brotherhood of man. "Remember the Maine," that is the rallying cry. Not for revenge, for that would be foreign to the spirit of true Americanism; but, as has been said: "for this, that the same power which blew our battleship to atoms and sent her sailors to death, would murder every man who sails on an American gunboat and every soldier in the United States army."

The result of this conflict will be that America will take her place among the really great, the first-class powers of the world, a nation to be consulted in the future in the complications of international life.

God speed the boys in blue of '98; may the deeds of the boys of '61 be an inspiration to them, in this contest between culture and barbarism, of Christianity against feudalism, and of the 19th century against the 10th century. We do not want to annex Cuba, but after Uncle Sam has driven Spain from the "pearl of the Antilles," he can continue to act as a policeman in protecting the rights and guarding the interests of the people to whom the island rightfully belongs.

Heroic manhood, energized by the spirit of the truest patriotism, has already been developed, and America has given an object-lesson to the world in the display of loyalty and devotion combined with magnificent daring, a lesson that will have its effect, both moral and physical, on the future. Where, in all the history of naval warfare, will you find a finer exhibition of courage or manhood than

was shown in the waters of the East, on the 1st day of May, 1898? You may search the records in vain to equal that magnificent assault and victory, and when the list of the world's great naval leaders is made up, it will not be complete unless it carries in the front line, the name of Admiral George Dewey, the Hero of Manila.

America was not hasty in declaring war, but after the blame for the destruction of our warship had been conclusively, as we feel, fixed on Spain, it was felt that by all the laws of justice and all the laws of God, we should teach Spain a lesson of respect for the Stars and Stripes that they never will forget, and that is why our boys in blue have gone to the front, that is why Schley has kept Cervera bottled up in Santiago-de-Cuba, and that is why we believe with the combined forces of military and naval arms we shall soon begin an invasion upon the beautiful island of the sea, the resultant of all which will be that—in future, the flag of the United States and the banner of Free Cuba will proudly float on this western continent, side by side, in the joy-giving breezes of Heaven.

In closing, Mr. Penniman referred to the two great facts brought out in the present crisis: The fact that the United States has the moral support of the most progressive nations in this crisis, that may eventually lead to an Anglo-Saxon Alliance, or perhaps to an Anglo-American Alliance, for humanity,—and the fact, hailed with the greatest rejoicing on the part of every true American, of the unity of the people of this country, presenting to the world the sublime spectacle of 70,000,000 Americans thoroughly united for the defence of our civilization and thoroughly loyal to the nation and its flag. Reference was made to the presence of the distinguished southern soldier on the platform, and the speaker echoed his sentiment of "One country, one flag and one people for the United States, forevermore."

After an earnest appeal for loyal support of the government and its institutions and defenders in this crisis, Mr. Penniman closed with an expression of his gratitude to the members of the G. A. R. and their comrades, who had furnished such a splendid inspiration for the boys of '98.

ORATION

DELIVERED BY

REV. A. J. DYER,

AT THE

Town Hall, Sharon, Memorial Day, May 30, '98,
Before Revere Post, 94, of Canton.

Commander, Members of the G. A. R., Fellow Citizens :—

WE stand with our faces towards the past. Each year it has receded one step farther into the dimness of the years. But for the men and women who lived then in the full consciousness of events, whether at home in the country village or city, or away in camp, on the march, in the din and roar of mortal strife, in hospital ward or prison pen, those days are not past. They are present.

An inexpressible depth of experience has enshrined them so in memory that they seem not to be remembered but lived—lived over again with each memorial season.

And yet the hand on the dial declares that the great Civil War of 1861-65 is past—past 33 years—just one generation of men.

That struggle was a great sorrow, measured by tears, and suffering, treasure and blood, broken hearts, broken fireside circles, thousands of graves in the home church yards, thousands more in the great national cemeteries, thousands more on the battlefields and line of march, and more still under the light of God's sweet star somewhere to be revealed in "that great day."

That was a mighty sorrow, and this day you observe as a day of mourning. The suffering and treasure find its highest, fullest expression in the consecration and sacrifice of human life; hence the day is set apart to the memory of the patriot dead.

Just as the glory of the heavens and earth, "the sea and all that in them is," when viewed as gifts to men, fades into insignificance in comparison with that other unspeakable gift of Himself in the person of Jesus Christ the lowly Nazarene, so all other treasure that was offered on the country's altar in that strife is forgotten when we view the immeasurable sacrifice of 300,000 human lives.

With slow tread and muffled drum, solemn dirge and floral decorations we pass by all other evidences of the sacrifice, and halt beside the graves marked by the nation's flag. First, we mourn our own and our nation's dead.

As we stand thus the dead seem to live again—they stand with their comrades as of old. Time turns backwards in its flight and the whole body of that million of men stand before us in the bloom of youth or in young manhood's prime, an incomparable host.

No distinction of sacrifice appears. The men who fought and marched and lived to be mustered out at the end,—the men who never fought a battle—all in a like act of holy patriotism laid their lives upon their country's altar.

It is well that a tablet or monument should be erected to the memory of those who died in the service, and it may be well and wise to speak little to those who still live. But the circumstances of time and place of death, while they lend themselves to sentiment and rhetoric, make no difference in genuine sacrifice and true patriotism.

You, fathers and patriot soldiers, who are still living, will allow one of the next younger generation—of a generation which knew not the Pharoah of Oppression, the Absalom of rebellion and had no part with you in the personal love for freedom's Moses and victory's Joab,—there to express the appreciation in which his generation holds you all.

It were well for all of us if we, through the study of our nation's history, should know something of the grandeur of that four years conflict,—the sublimity of the deeds of the G. A. R.

31

Each year as this memorial season approaches I undertake either to refresh or enlarge my knowledge of that struggle.

The events that led to it are stirring. The politics of the times are most interesting. And to those who read, underneath the handwriting of men, the signs which reveal the philosophies of all human history, and the divine forces of God himself, they are marvellously fascinating.

This occasion has led me to follow the line of events with which many Sharon men were connected. Sharon's quota was 178 men. Of these, 18 died on the field and their names are engraved upon the tablet.

Of the 178, about 30, 31 I think, belonged to the 33d Mass. infantry, and were three year's men, serving from August, '62 to June '65.

The 33d Mass. left Camp Stanton, Lynnfield, Mass., the 14th of August 1862, 1200 strong, and they returned when the war was over barely 200 in number.

What a story of hardship, disease, and mortal combat do those figures tell!

Every memorial day address should arouse our children, our youth and indeed our whole citizenship to a fuller, more detailed knowledge of the events of the war of the rebellion, and a deeper sympathy with the men who engaged in them.

For this reason I wish to pass in brief review the history of the 33d Mass. regiment.

The winter of 1862-3 was spent near Falmount, Va., where the regiment was not called into action. They did their first fighting at Chancellorsville, May 1, '64 and shortly after were again engaged at Culpepper.

Then came the historic world-renowned battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 2, and 3. In this, the 33d had a prominent place and acted a most honorable part.

The records, which it has been my privilege to see, do not say,

but from the fact that Mr. G. M. Gerrish died July 12 at Annapolis, I infer that he received his death wound at Gettysburg.

This battle is perhaps the greatest single battle in all human history, and is worthy of repeated study by all who would appreciate the valor and might of the two contending armies. The ancients would have called it not a battle of men, but of gods. And while one is never ashamed of the courage and prowess of the boys in blue, he cannot repress a feeling of pride in the boys in grey, and is glad to own them as brothers, members of the same Anglo Saxon race.

After the battle of Gettysburg, Lee sent Longstreet across the mountains into Tennessee to assist Bragg in checking the advance of the army of the Cumberland toward Georgia. This was done effectually at the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, '64 where Longstreet's men found that the men in blue under Rosecrans were fired by the same spirit that made invincible the men who rolled back the tide of war from Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. Rosecrans's army proved too strong to be crushed, but was rendered too weak for a further aggressive campaign. At this juncture the 11th and 12th corps of the army of the Potomac among whom was the 33d Mass., started on September 25th and on the 30th after a round-about journey of 1150 miles in 5½ days, were with the army of the Cumberland just in season to say good-bye to Gen. Rosecrans who was superseded by Gen. Sherman, with Gen. Grant in full command of all the forces in the field.

Gen. Bragg had sat down on Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge to starve out the Union forces. But with the reinforcements from the Army of the Potomac, Gen. Grant did not wait to be starved out.

On the night of October 28-29 occurred the battle of Wauhatchie, Lookout Valley or Brown's Ferry as it is variously called. It was here that the 33d made its famous night charge and where it lost, among many others, J. M. Drake, J. M. Davis and Addison Johnson, Sharon men whose names are on the tablet.

November 24 and 25 occurred the battles of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. These were the last important engagements before Sherman began the task of driving the rebel army back from before Chattanooga to Atlanta. The winter was spent by the 33d in camp at Raccoon Ridge with such comforts and amusements as the place and circumstances allowed. Among the amusements was ball playing. Challenges were sent from one regiment to another. And it is recorded that the Sharon boys, exercising wisdom and skill learned from the old Massapoags, bore off the championship.

Sherman's march to Atlanta began May 2, 1864, just one year from the battle of Chancellorsville, and Atlanta was surrendered to him by the city's mayor on September 2d. During the summer's campaign four Sharon men were lost from the 33d: G. H. Gay, at Dallas, May 26; A. A. Capen, at Kenesaw, June 28; J. S. Haradon, Marietta, July 1; and J. B. Parks at Atlanta, August 14. These names are on the tablet and they were the last Sharon men to die on the field from the 33d regiment.

Atlanta was made a fortified garrison, and the inhabitants were forced to leave. Here the army spent a little over two months. The 33d policed the city and its famous band that had made the mountains and valleys ring with national airs from Lookout Mountain almost as soon as Hooker's men had taken possession, helped to beguile the time with concerts.

The famous march to the sea from Atlanta was begun November 16, '64, and Savannah was reached December 21. February 2, '65 the great march was resumed and did not close until the army was reviewed at Washington, and the 33d was mustered out June 11th.

After Lee's surrender the 33d marched with the rest up through Virginia, visiting campgrounds and battlefields made familiar to them two and a half years before. As we have said, they went out twelve hundred strong, and returned with two hundred men. This regiment suffered more than most, but from its experience we may compute the cost of freedom and union.

II.

THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

I have briefly sketched the fortunes of men in the field. Their sufferings at times were great, but they always had the sustaining circumstance of being in their own lines, under their own flags with Washington as base of supplies, and communication open with friends at home. There is a body of union soldiers whose sufferings have a special eloquence, and that is the thousands who languished in southern prison pens. Never had I so appreciated this fact as I have since it was my privilege to attend a meeting of the Western Massachusetts Association of ex-union prisoners. As I listened to these men in the after-dinner speeches—as I heard the things they told and was left to imagine the things they could not utter, I gained a new conception of the price that was paid that our flag might float over our great country and that every man under its fold might be free. These things are so familiar to you, fathers, that you may feel that they are also known and appreciated by the present generation. But read history as they may, urge the most vivid imagination to its supremest efforts, and those who come after will never appreciate your sufferings, or half know what true men and women they must be to be worthy of their inheritance.

Time forbids me to speak as I ought of those who stayed at home and waited, and worked, and wept, and prayed. Parents, wives, sisters, brothers, sweethearts. The lines written by Joaquin Miller for another special purpose are beautifully fitting here.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men."

"Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or noble pen;
Nay, not eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men."

"But deep in a walled-up woman's heart
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore part—
Lo! There is that battle field."

In '61 as ever before, as now in '98, and as it ever will be, no armies went forth until the women said "Go." Then and now and ever, no army will dare to leave the field, except as conquerors, until the wives and mothers give the word. And when, tell me, in all history, have the women been the first to sound the retreat? So much do we owe today, to the tender, brave and mighty heart of women. But I must hasten to speak of the results. You know them so well and have rejoiced in them so long that I may be brief. One country—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the gulf to the lakes! One flag whose constellation of stars is ever increasing! One family of brothers and every man a free man! One type of civilization, from Maine to California, from Florida to Washington, a civilization drawn from one great book whose open pages span the reach from the Alleghanies to the Rockies. And all this, the more one and inseparable because of the blood that mingled on a score of states, and on hundreds of battle fields. The evidences of a united people are on every hand and multiply each year. The encampment experiences of the G. A. R. bear witness. The national parks declare it. Chickamauga, a park, extending from Sherman Heights, Tenn., to Glass Mills, Ga., a distance of over 22 miles. Of its ten square miles over five thousand acres are forest and one thousand acres are open farms. A central driveway has been built, twenty miles long and overlooking all the heavy fighting ground. Forty-two miles of the roads of the battles have been re-opened and improved. Carriages can drive through the forests in all directions. Within the park the government has set up four hundred historical tablets, and will set up sixteen hundred more. On these tablets in embossed white letters are set forth briefly and impartially, the historic details of the six battles,—Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Orchard Knob, Wauhatchie and Brown's Ferry. They also mark the positions of army headquarters, corps, divisions and brigades, both National and Confederate, and the parts taken by each organization are stated concisely, without censure and without praise.

The government has also erected nine handsome granite monuments, all different, one for each of the organizations of regular army troops engaged in the battles. It has also built on the spots where they fell, eight pyramidal monuments of novel design, each ten feet high, constructed of eight inch shells, in honor of four general national officers and four Confederate officers, killed in action. In addition the government has built five observation towers, seventy feet high, two on Missionary Ridge and three on Chickamauga field. Finally it has marked the most important fighting positions occupied by each of the thirty-five national batteries engaged in the battles by four hundred mounted cannon of the types and appearance then used. Besides the guns themselves, the battery positions are described on tablets. The lines of earthworks used by the contending armies have been found also and are being carefully restored. Besides what the national government has done, the states have set up one hundred and seventy-one monuments in memory of the action of their regiment. Such was the state of progress two years ago, and I am not informed concerning what has since been done. This park in the midst of our southland is another influence that will be felt for good over every inch of our common country. At its dedication, The Times, Chattanooga, spoke of the park as a "sign-post marking the nation's progress away from narrow sectionalism towards the more and still more perfect union of interests and hearts." And another paper: "The time has come when we can look back upon those stirring times in their right light, not as a triumph of American valor and devotion out of which has come a united nation, stronger and greater than before." For such results and such evidences thereof our sorrow for patriot dead is mingled with rejoicing. I cannot let this occasion pass without reference to the fact that once more we are at war, but this time, thank God, not with internal strife. Not since the first local memorial day in 1866 have members of the G. A. R. mustered under such auspices.

Hitherto at every anniversary a deep, sweet peace has brooded over the land. The prayer sent up soon after the Civil War by one

is not yet answered. Invoking the bugles that had so often sounded the call to battle the poet said :—

“Call, you great trumpets over seas, nor cease !
While the dear mother-land and we endure,
While day breaks over honor’s camping ground,
Blow the long reveille of timeless peace.”

Heaven’s order for that call has not yet been given. The bugles sound again for war.

The story is told of an incident, which happened at Gettysburg. A little boy of six years was seen dragging a gun toward some officers. As he approached he was heard to say :—“Here is papa’s gun. He is dead and can’t shoot it any more. Somebody else must shoot it.” Another day has come. The fathers cannot go again. But the sons have responded. Father’s gun is taken down from the wall and the son himself will shoot it. They are “tenting to-night on the old camp ground,”—Chickamauga,—sons of the blue, sons of the gray, from all states, north, east, south and west. They represent a united people. Their blood mingled on a foreign field, shed by a foreign foe, will bind in eternal bonds the union already established by the blood of their fathers. To inspire them, they have a noble record of valor written high and clear where the world may read,—written by the men of the G. A. R. and by the opposing host. Let us pray that they may write theirs as clear and as high. Let us also pray that their campaigns may be few and short, though glorious, and that they may be spared the long struggle and dreadful suffering of the fathers. They go forth as did their fathers at the call of humanity. And this time the sacrifice is even more unselfish and divine. It is duty’s call, but not for a native land in danger—not for a fellow-citizen in oppression. They endanger their lives for a country not their own, a people who are not their own fellow-countrymen. It is for freedom still ; it is against tyranny still, and it seems almost as if the Almighty Father was summoning a favorite son to stand forth as a world champion for freedom and truth. This is the genius of our nation, yea, the genius of our race,—our Anglo-Saxon race.

How beautifully the mother country stands with us in this struggle! In this we see the real true England of all history. There have been two Englands, as there are always two nations, two individuals anywhere, a worse and a better. A false that is being put away and outgrown, a true that is struggling for and gaining the mastery. George the Third was not the true England in 1776. The heart of the true England beat even then with the heart of America. America was then the truer England. The England of Alfred the Great, of Wycliffe, of the Magna Charta, of John Bright and of Wm. E. Gladstone. Under the influences of a common ancestry and a common book England and America are one. Anglo-Saxons in London, Boston and Richmond understand each other as never before.

Russia cannot forget the Crimea. France cannot forget Alsace, nor Waterloo. The great struggles of Europe have set her different peoples over against each other, as enemies. Not so with the struggles of Anglo-Saxon with Anglo-Saxon. Their struggles have been under God for principles, not for selfish ends, and the victory once given to the right, the vanquished has nobly learned the costly lesson and is received again as a brother.

England and America have forgotten Bunker Hill and Lake Erie; North and South have forgotten Gettysburg, Chickamauga and Vicksburg, except as monuments of Anglo-Saxon valor, prowess and devotion to conviction and principle.

Is it too much to hope that a new era is about to dawn? An era, which shall make world-wide the Anglo-Saxon history of good-will even through conflict? May it not be that Spain, having been punished, shall also be cleansed of her errors, and brought to an open vision of the truth? Haste, haste the day when the trumpets shall sound for war no more, but shall

“Blow the long reveille of termless peace!”

Between England and America no formal alliance for arbitration or for aggressive and defensive warfare against the world is needed. The impulses of a common blood, the dictates of a com-

mon conscience, the breathings of a common spirit, the enlightenment of a common open Bible, will enable them to settle according to Heaven's wishes each great question as it arises.

I see but a little into the future, but the battle smoke has rolled from off the face of Cuba and reveals a free and happy people. The United States and Great Britain, one Anglo-Saxon race, two flags, the stars and stripes and the union jack, in the van of all nations, leading in emulous strife to put all slavery, suffering, tyranny and error from off the face of the earth.

It was of this greater world-wide struggle for human freedom that the war we remember to-day formed a part. It is for their part in it that we honor the patriot dead.

"At his feet they placed the flag he loved
At his head a flowery cross;
As if to say that liberty
Meant sacrifice and loss.

* * * * *

"But through the years the fragrance
Of duty done endures;
And floats the flag with added stars,
Above my dead and yours."

ROSTER

—OF THE—

Officers and Members of Revere Post 94,

G. A. R. 1898.



<i>Commander,</i>	-	-	LARRA E. WENTWORTH
<i>Senior Vice Commander,</i>	-		FRIEND Z. LEONARD
<i>Junior Vice Commander,</i>	-		BENJAMIN S. BOILLES
<i>Adjutant,</i>	-	-	JONATHAN LINFIELD
<i>Quarter Master,</i>	-	-	RICHMOND L. WESTON
<i>Surgeon,</i>	-	-	ALBERT D. TRASK
<i>Chaplain,</i>	-	-	REV. THOMAS M. BUTLER
<i>Officer of the Day,</i>	-	-	HORACE D. SEAVEY
<i>Officer of the Guard,</i>	-	-	DANIEL S. NORRIS
<i>Sergeant-Major,</i>	-	-	JOHN T. PITMAN
<i>Qr. M. Sergeant,</i>	-	-	FREDERICK L. HOLBROOK

Delegate to Department Encampment, R. L. WESTON.
 Alternate, - - - - JOHN T. PITMAN.

MEMBERS.

BARLOW, L. E.	26th Me. Infantry
BOLLES, BENJAMIN S.	41st Ills " "
BOWDITCH, ASA W.	44th Mass. "
BRIGGS, HIRAM J.	4th " "
BRYANT, CHARLES F.	33d " "
BUCKLEY, TIMOTHY,	20th " "
BUTLER THOMAS M.	10th,	29th	Me Inf.	1st Lieut	24th U. S. C. T.
BANCROFT, THOMAS F.	5th Mass. Cavalry
BURLEIGH, EDWARD P.	5th N. H. Infantry
BYAM, RAYMOND S.	16th Mass. "
CAPEN, HERBERT S.	33d " "
CROWD, ALFRED	5th " Cavalry
CARR, PATRICK	10th " Battery
COBBETT, OBED	47th " Infantry
DIDOT, ARMAND F.	U. S. Navy
EARLE, HENRY M.	1st Me. Cavalry
EDDY, STILLMAN D.	3d Mass. Infantry
ESTEY, ELIJAH H.	29th " "
GODFREY JOHN W.	33d " "
HALL, CHARLES E.	23d " "
HAMILTON, ROBERT,	1st Vol. Cavalry
HARRINGTON, ANDREW A.	11th Mass. Infantry
HODSON, HENRY	30th N. Y. "
HOLBROOK, FREDERICK L.	33d Mass. "
HUNT, WILLIAM A.	4th " "
JOHNSON, IRA	4th " "
KELLEY, THERON	11th Me. "
KINSLEY, ADAM	.	.	.	1st Lieut.	10th Mo. "
LAWRENCE, JOHN	1st N. J. Cavalry
LEDGY, JOHN	U. S. Navy
LEONARD, FRIEND Z.	4th Mass. Infantry
LINFIELD, JONATHAN	2d " "
LYNCH, JOHN	20th " "
MABBOTT, GEORGE	.	.	.	4th and 18th	" "
MORSE, ALBERT F.	33d " "
NARAMORE, HENRY L.	.	.	.	32d Mass. Inf. and V. R. C.	
NORRIS, DANIEL S.	3d Me. Infantry

PARTRIDGE, CHARLES	.	.	.	24th Mass. Infantry
PERRY, JOSIAH W.	.	.	.	33d " "
PITMAN, JOHN T.	.	.	.	1st " Cavalry
POWERS, WILLIAM	.	.	.	20th " Infantry
QUINN, PATRICK	.	.	.	23d " "
RICHARDS, CHARLES F	.	.	.	4th " "
RYAN, JAMES	.	.	.	U. S. Marine Corps
SMITH, JAMES	.	.	.	3d Mass. Heavy Artillery
SEAVEY, HORACE D.	.	.	.	4th Mass. Infantry
SHEPARD, HORACE S.	.	.	.	13th " "
SMITH, SIDNEY L.	.	.	.	5th " "
TRASK, ALBERT D.	.	.	.	Co. K, 18th Conn. "
WEBSTER, FRANK G	.	.	.	44th Mass. "
WENTWORTH, LARRA E.	.	.	.	4th " "
WESTON, RICHMOND L.	.	.	.	Gunboat Pequot
WILLIAMSON, LEWIS M.	.	.	.	4th Mass. Infantry
WYETH, JOHN J.	.	.	.	44th " "
WOODWARD, HENRY L.	.	.	.	10th " "

Comrade Rev. Mark B. Taylor, an honored and respected member of Revere Post, on removing from town in 1897 was granted a transfer and he subsequently joined U. S. Grant Post of Brooklyn, N. Y. Comrade Taylor was Commander of Revere Post No. 94, Dept. of Mass. G. A. R., six consecutive years. Elected Chaplain Dept. of Mass., 1895 and 1896. Elected National Chaplain G. A. R. 1896.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
 On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
 Where foes no more molest,
 Nor sentry's shot alarms !
 Your silent tents of green
 We deck with fragrant flowers ;
 Yours has the suffering been,
 The memory shall be ours.

—Longfellow.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Comrades of Revere Post who have died since
 its organization.

		Died	
HENRY BOHNSACK,—3d Mass. Cavalry,	- -	July	1874
JEREMIAH C. BRESLYN,—U. S. Navy,	- -	" "	12, 1882
DANIEL W. CROUD,—5th Mass. Cavalry,	- -	Dec.	19, 1882
EDWARD F. HALL,—7th Mass. Infantry,	- -	" "	18, 1883
GEORGE W. CAPEN,—11th Mass. Battery,	- -	" "	22, 1883
NELSON S. WHITE,—Capt. 1st U. S. Col. Troops,	- -	Nov.	18, 1884
ELBRIDGE G. HARWOOD,—42d Mass. Infantry,	- -	June	14, 1886
JOHN PARKS,—4th Mass. Infantry,	- -	July	1, 1887
GEORGE LEWIS,—12th Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	May 16 1888
EDWARD R. HIXON,—Sergt. 33d Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	Oct. 28, 1888
ROBERT BAILEY,—13th Penn. Cavalry,	- -	"	Dec. 30, 1889
JACOB SILLOWAY JR.,—6th N. Y. Infantry,	- -	April	9, 1890
HENRY PEACH,—23d Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	Oct. 1, 1890
REUBEN A. CONNOR,—2d Mass. Heavy Artillery,	- -	"	Mar. 21, 1892
DANIEL HOPKINS,—9th R. I. Infantry,	- -	"	July 16, 1892
MICHAEL FARRELL,—10th Mass. Battery,	- -	"	Nov. 6, 1893
HARDIN WITT,—{ Co. K, 21st Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	June 28, 1894
{ Co. I, 56th Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	Nov. 1, 1894
SILAS DAVENPORT —14th Mass. Battery,	- -	"	
ALEXANDER R. HOLMES,—{ Surg. 3d Mass. Infantry,	"	"	11, 1894
{ U. S. Navy, Steamer Nepsic,	"	"	
STILLMAN H. MORSE,—Co. A, 4th Mass. Infantry,	- -	Jan.	28, 1895
JAMES H. CRAM,—Priv. Co. G, 29th Mass. Infantry,	- -	Feb.	8, 1895
DANIEL W. CARROLL,—Co. A, 4th Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	May 6, 1895
GEO. B. HUNT,—35th Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	July 1, 1895
JOHN C. STATES,—9th Battery,	- -	"	Nov. 2, 1895
GEORGE F. LORD,—Co. H, 43d Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	" 20, 1895
JOHN HALL,—Capt. Co. A, 4th Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	June 28, 1896
HENRY A. FREEMAN,—Corp. Co. A, 4th Mass. Infantry,	"	"	3, 1897
WILLIAM McCORKLE,—57th Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	July 29, 1897
ELIJAH A. MORSE,—Corp. 4th Mass. Infantry,	- -	"	June 5, 1898

IN MEMORIAM.

To former Comrades of Revere Post, who have died since their withdrawal from membership.

Samuel W. Meserve, at Canton.

Alfred C. Billings, at Dedham.

Edward S. Champney, at Dorchester.

Rev. John H. Hartman, at Cleveland, O.

Owen Flood, at Canton.

HEADQUARTERS REVERE POST, NO. 94, G. A. R., DEP'T
MASSACHUSETTS, CANTON, MASS., June 11th, 1898.

The death of a friend is at all times a sad event. But when we are called to part with those who have gone in and out among us year after year, we feel that the affliction is beyond our power of expression.

In the death of Comrade Elijah A. Morse, we have met a loss that can never be replaced.

As a citizen, he was honest in all his dealings, straightforward and fearless in his eager devotion to suppress evil of whatever name or nature, and as a soldier and comrade, always foremost to do his duty to his country in whatever way it might be presented.

Comrade Morse was a charter member of Post 94, and although his business affairs and the duties of his public life kept him from many of our Post meetings, his heart and sympathies were always with us and no appeal to him for assistance in our charitable work was ever made in vain. Therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Elijah A. Morse, Post 94 has lost one of its best members, one whose place can never be filled, and that we are better men through having known and associated with him.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of our late Comrade, and trust that we may so live that we may be able to hear those words we know he has already heard, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Comrade, a copy published in the Canton Journal, and also suitably inscribed upon the records of the Post.